Nath. Me hercle, If their ſonnes be ingenuous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Feminine ſalutes vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow M. *Perſon*.

Nath. Maſter Perſon, *quaſi* Perſon? And if one ſhould be perſt, Which is the one?

Clow. Marry M. Shoolemaſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Nath. Of perſing a Hogshead, a good luſtre of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Maſter Parſon be ſo good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen me by *Coſtard*, and ſent me from *Don Armatho*: I beſeech you reade it.

Nath. Facile precor gleida, quando peccas omnia ſub vmbra ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traueller doth of *Venice*, *vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perroche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderſtandeth thee not, *vt re ſol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* ſayes in his, What my ſoule verſes.

Hol. I ſir, and verie learned.

Nath. Let me heare a ſtaffe, a ſtanze, a verſe, *Lege Domine*.

If Loue make me forſworne, how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, That Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the Marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to me ſome prayſe, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is muſique, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art, O pardon Loue this wrong,
That ſings heauens praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Ped.

Ped. You finde not the Apoſtr
Let me ſuperuiſe the canzonet.

Nath. Here are onely numbe
cy, facilitie, and golden cadence
was the man. And why indeede
odoriferous flowers of fancy? th
nothing: ſo doth the Hound hi
the tyred Horſe his rider: But
rected to you?

Iaqu. I ſir, from one Mounſie
Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the ſu
To the ſnow-white hand of the m
will looke againe on the intelle
tion of the partie written to the p
Your Ladiſhips it all deſired implo

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Bero*
the King, and here he hath fram
ſtranger Queenes: which accide
greſſion, hath miſcarried. Trip a
Paper into the hand of the Kin
not thy complement, I forgiue t

Maid. Good *Coſtard* go with
Sir God ſaue your life.

Coſt. Haue with thee my girle

Hol. Sir you haue done this in
ouſly: and as a certaine Father ſa

Ped. Sir tell me not of the Fathe
But to return to the verſes, did th

Nat. Marueilous well for th

Peda. I do dine to day at th
mine, where if (being repaſt) it
table with a Grace, I will on
parents of the foreſaid Childe or
nuto, where I will proue thoſ
neither fauouring of Poetrie, V
your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: f
happineſſe of life.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCO